AN
Eſſay on WRITING.

PART I.

Wherein the *Running Hand* is made eaſy to thoſe who write indifferently.

With Variety of diverting as well as

Inſtructive Examples in Verſe.

By M. GRAINGER, K.

At the *Hand* and *Pen*, the Corner of *Old Round-Court*, in the *Strand*,
LONDON.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

With Variety of directions as well as

Instructive Examples in Text.

BY M. GRAINGER.

As the Hand and Pen, the Copy of Old Roman Coins, in the Strand,

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THE INTRODUCTION.

TO give Encomiums on the Excellence of Writing, or to ſhew the many Advantages ariſing from that Art, would be, at this Time, only telling what daily Experince ſufficiently of it ſelf explains and confirms: I ſhall therefore on this Occaſion only mention, what Advantage the preſent Undertaking may be of to thoſe who are pleas'd to encourage it.

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This Book was by the Author intended rather to be of Uſe to Mankind in general, than to pleaſe the Eye with ornamental Flouriſhes, and unneceſſary Turnings in the Characters. It was originally plan'd for a pleaſant and entertaining Exerciſe to his Scholars, when in the Country, and remote from Writing-Maſters; where they might write a Page or two *per* Day, and engage themſelves gradually to regular Practice; without which, a Running Hand can never be attained. He now publiſhes it with Improvements and Additions for the publick ſervice, in Thirty-three Copper-Plates, containing Variety of moral Poems, whereby the Learners may be amuſed and diverted, whilſt they apply to the Attainment of an Art ſo extenſively uſeful and neceſſary.

The Whole is calculated for the Improvement of good Behaviour, as well as Penmanſhip; and exhibites *particular Rules for reforming the Manner of thoſe who write indifferently.* And to add ſtill farther to its Uſefulneſs, as well as Variety, ſeveral Sets of *Engliſh* Verſe are tranſlated into *French*, of the ſame Meaſure, for the Benefit of thoſe who ſtudy that modern Language. Upon the whole, this Book is ſo contriv'd, as to be of ſingular Service, not only to Learners, and Youth in Boarding-Schools, who have begun to write, but alſo to thoſe who are deſign'd for Clerks in publick Offices, whereby they may attain

tain to great Freedom as well as Certainty in Writing. It introduces the Running Hand at firſt in its largeſt Form, for the Sake of acquiring a maſterly Eaſineſs and Freedom in Writing; and afterwards preſents it in a ſmaller Size, ſuch as is adapted for Diſpatch and Buſineſs: And to render this Work more generally uſeful and eaſy to the Young, as well as adult; an Exerciſe-Book, with the ſame Number of Leaves as contain'd in the Copper-Plate Book is prepar'd and annex'd, into which the Copper-Plate Poems may be copyed fair and *ſtraight*, yet without the Trouble of Ruling; whereby much Time will be ſaved, not only to the Scholar, but Maſter.

FINIS.

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Grainger's

New Copy-Book:

OR,

The Running Hand made Easy.

Engrav'd by G. Bickham, & other curious Hands.

London: Sold by M. Grainger, at the Hand & Pen, the Corner of Old Round Court in ye Strand.

Entered into the Stationer's Hall Book.

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To the Nobility, and Gentry of Great Britain,

Whom I have had the Honour to attend,

This Work is Humbly Inscribed,

By their Highly Obliged

&

Most Dutiful and Ever Obedient Servant,

Matthias Grainger.

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A A B B C C D E F G H I J K L L
M M N O P 2 R S T U V W X Y Z.
a a b b c d e f ff g h h i j k k l l m n o p p q r r s s t u v w x y y z z &.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.
Happy the Youth who are betimes set Right,
And Taught the Rules of Virtue whilst they Write.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

He's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
A Plenteous Fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded Roofs on shining Columns rise,
And Painted Walls enchant the Gazer's Eyes;
Even not all these, in one Rich Lot Combin'd,
Can make the Happy Man, without the Mind.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

In all thy Humours, whether Grave, or Mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow;
Hast so much Wit, & Mirth, & Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Thou Pleasing Torture of my Breast,
Sure thou wert form'd to plague my Rest.

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MUSEUM

On Sense & Wit your Passion found,
By Decency Cemented round;
Let Prudence with good-nature strive,
To keep Esteem and love alive.
Then, come Old age when eer it will,
Your Friendship shall continue still.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Againſt our Peace we arm our Will;
Amidſt our Plenty ſomething ſtill
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting:
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting;
That Cruel ſomething unpoſſeſt
Corrodes and leavens all the Reſt.

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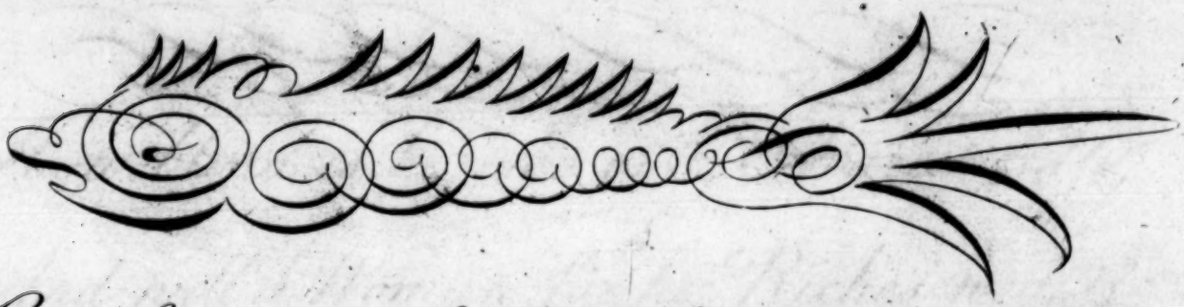
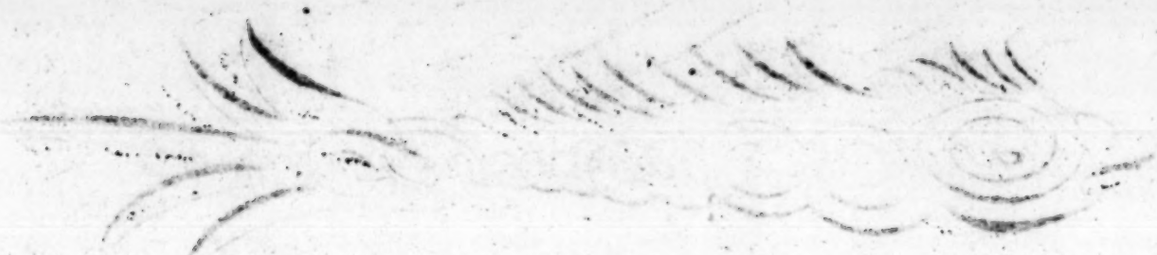


How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,—
But, like her Soul, preserve the native White:—
Whose little Store her well taught Mind does please,
Not pinch'd with Want, nor Cloy'd with wanton Ease.



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How blind is he, who is by Avarice led,
And will a Woman for her Riches wed?
He hugs the Bags, does always hate the Wife,
'Tis Money only, that he loves as life.

If you would have the Nuptial union last,
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
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Who's then the Man that's free? the Wise alone;
He that himself Commands, erects a Throne
In his own Breast, & Reigns sole Monarch there:
He that nor Poverty, nor Death does fear;
He who his Boiling Passions can restrain,
Honours dispise, & proferd Crowns disdain.

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8 NO 71
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In all Misfortunes this Advantage lies,—
They make us humble, & they make us Wise;
Let's bear it Calmly, tho' a Grievous Woe;
And still adore the Hand that gives the Blow:
And he, that can acquire such Virtue gains—
An ample Recompense for all his Pains.—

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive persisting Fops we know,
That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each Day a Critick on the last.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Honours acquir'd by Merit, I desire,
To Greatness only by desert aspire
And if by Virtuous actions I can rise,
Scepters & Crowns without them I dessise.

Blessings do always wait on Virtuous deeds;
And, tho'a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

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Fragrant the Rose is, but it fades in time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the Prime:
White Lillies hang their heads, & soon decay,
And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away:
Such & so withering are our early Joys,
Which time, or sickness, speedily destroys.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
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Would you but know if I should change my Life,
What sort of Girl I'd Choose to make my Wife;
I would not have her be so fond, to say
Yes, at first dash; nor dwell too long on Nay:
These two Extremes I hate; then let her be
Inviat both, not too hard-hearted, nor too free.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Fame is, at best, but an inconstant Good;
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood:
We soonest lose, what we most highly Prize;
And, with our Youth, our short-liv'd Beauty dies.

Honour, that Spark of the Celestial Fire,
That above Nature, makes Mankind aspire.

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At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great Pride or little Sense:
Those heads, as Stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseat all, & nothing can digest.

Good Nature, & good Sense must ever joyn,
To err is human, to forgive Divine.

BRITISH
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Fram'd to give joy, the lovely Sex are seen,
Beauteous their Form and heav'nly in their Mien:
Silent they Charm the pleas'd Beholders Sight,
And Speaking, Strike us with a new delight:
Words when pronounc'd by them bear each a Dart,
Invade our Ears, and Wound us to the Heart.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

When Fortune smiles, 'tis then I fear,
Some lurking ill or hidden Mischief near;
Us'd to her frowns, I stand upon my guard,
And, arm'd in Virtue, keep my Soul prepar'd.

Virtue has secret Charms, which all Men love,
And those that do not Choose her, yet approve.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Not all the threats, or favours of a Crown,
A Prince's whisper, or a Tyrant's frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind,
Of him, who to strict Honour is inclin'd.

Honour's the Conscience of an Act well done,
Which gives us Power our own desire to shun.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

A Friend should always like a Friend indite,
Speak as he thinks, and as he thinks should Write,
Searching for Faults, as he would Beauties find,
To Friendship true, but not to Justice blind.

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z &.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

There are whom Heaven has blefs'd with ſtore of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it:
For Wit and Judgment ever are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like Man & Wife.

'Tis with our Judgment, as our Watches, none
Goe juſt alike, yet each believes his own.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

O potent Wealth! Mankind thy Charms obeys,
And follows thee ten Thousand various Ways:
For thy great Sake we various Freaks commit,
Beneath our Reason and pretended Wit;
To thy prevailing Charms we must be still
Submissive Drones, and fetter'd to thy Will.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

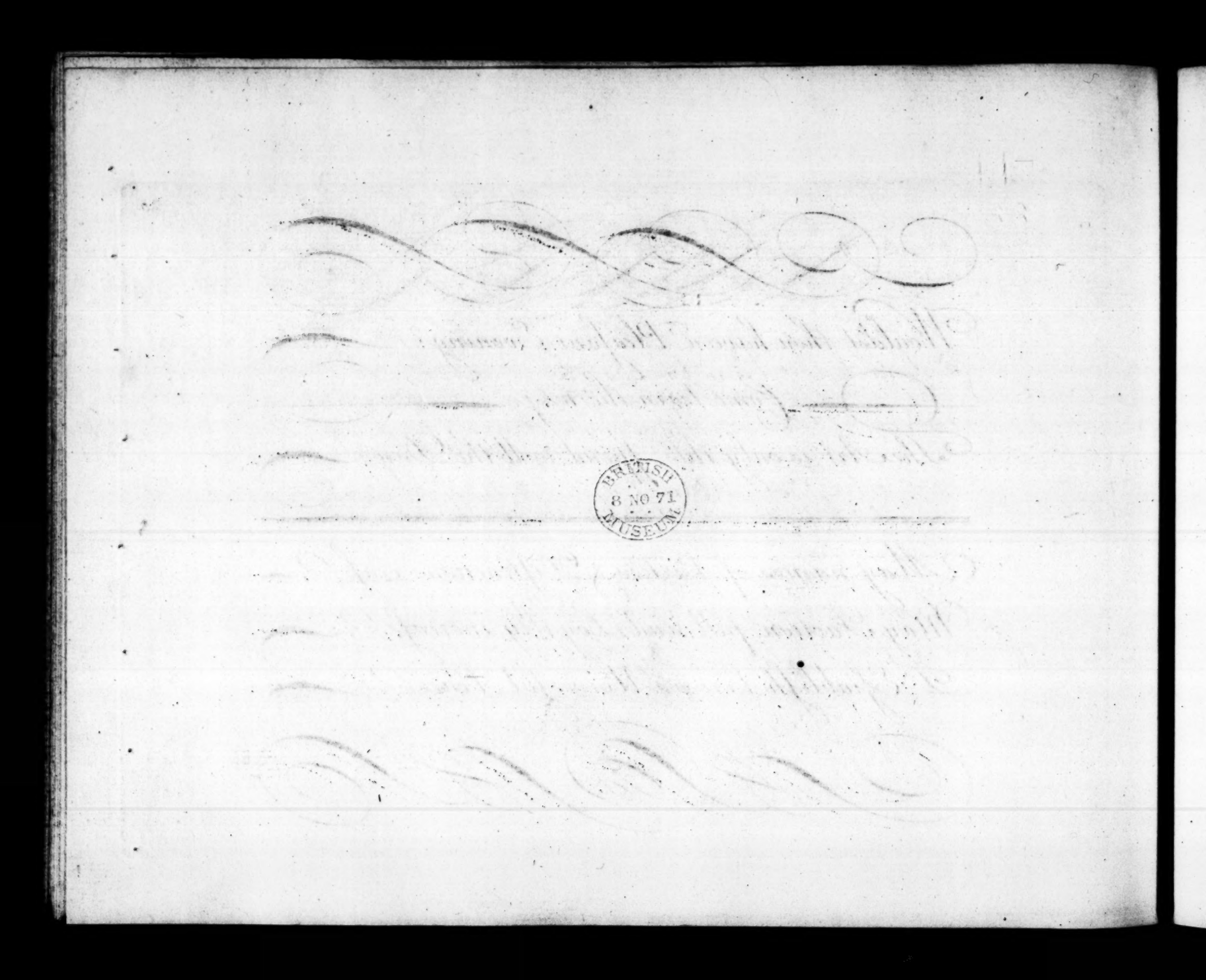
Man's Life is but a Winter's Day;
Some break their fasts, & so depart away;
Others stay Dinner, & go off full fed;
The longest Life but Sups & goes to Bed.

Let us improve the hours we have,
There's no Repentance in the Grave.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Wouldst thou have a Pleasant Evening?
Come learn the way.
The Art is only this, spend well the Day.

May names of Parties & Distinctions cease,
May Faction fall, and Loyalty increase,
T' Establish here an Universal Peace.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Some haunt Parnassus, but to please their Ear,
Not mend their Minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the Doctrine, but the Musick there.

Richer & happier he, whose hallow'd Breast
Of Wisdom's sacred Treasures is Possess'd,
Than if he Monarch reign'd of all the wealthy East.

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8 NO. 71
MUSEUM

Two, at one time, reign jointly in my Breast;
Both handsome are, both Charming, both well dress'd;
And hang me, if I know, which takes me best.

O Love! thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign;
Tyrants, and thou, all Fellowship disdain.—

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

Heureux! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire:
Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire?
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'egaler?

Blest as th' Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears & sees thee, all the while,
Softly Speak and Sweetly Smile.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
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Dans le Crime il suffit qu'une fois on débutte,
Une Chûte toûjours attire une autre Chute.
L'honnour est comme une Isle escarpée & sans bords,
On n'y peut plus rentrer dés qu'on est dehors.

Vice asks no more of us, but to begin;
One Sin's the Parent of another Sin.
Honour's a Shelvy Isle without a Shore;
Which, when once left, can be regain'd no more.

BRITISH
8 NO 71
MUSEUM

De nos propres Malheurs Auteurs infortunés—
Nous sommes loin de nous à toute heure entraînes,
A quoi bon ravir l'or au sein du Nouveau Monde?
Le bonheur tant Cherché sur la terre & sur l'onde.

We of our own Misfortunes are the Cause;
One Error after it another draws:—
Far from our selves we're hurryd, far we roam
To find the Peace, that's only found at home.

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Qu'heureux est le Mortel, qui du Monde ignoré,
Vit Content de soi même en un Coin retiré?
Qui l'amour de ce rien, qu'on nomme Renommée,
N'a jamais enyvré d'une vaine fumée?

How blest the Man, whose easy Life is Spent
In a lone Cottage, with himself Content?
Who lives retir'd, and, to the World unknown,
At others Follies laughs, and mends his own?

BRITISH
8 NO 71
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Cupidon n'aime pas les fleurs de l'eloquence;
L'effet dit beaucoup plus que les plus grands discours
Aussy voit on souvent muëts les vrays amours,
C'est aimer, que bien faire, et garder le silence.

You say you love, but I had rather feel't;
Then love's impression in a wounded Heart.
Words are but winds, & Strangers thus may greet;
But doing, doing, that's the proving part.

FINIS

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